

THE WIFE

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"I immediately recognised in him my dear brother Edmond"—p. 660.

TWO STORIES IN ONE.

BY WILLIAM GILBERT, AUTHOR OF "DE PROFUNDIS," "SHIRLEY HALL ASYLUM," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE EMERALD EARRING AGAIN.

THE morning after the funeral our family solicitor, Mr. Tufton, called on us. After a little conversation, in which he expressed in emphatic terms his high opinion of my father, and the great sorrow

he felt at his loss, he placed before us a large sealed paper packet, endorsed as the will of James Levesque, Esq. He first called our attention to the fact that the seals were unbroken, and then asked my mother if he

should read the will for her. My mother having assented, he drew the will from the envelope, and having spread it open on the table before him he commenced.

The will was dated about a fortnight after my brother Edmond had absconded. In it, after the usual preliminary headings, he ordered all his property to be sold. He left my mother a life interest in the sum of £10,000, which, after her death, in case my brother Edmond had returned, was to be divided equally between him and me; but if he was then undiscovered I was to inherit the whole. To me he left £5,000, my mother to be my trustee. The residue of his property, as soon as sold, was to be divided into three equal parts, one for my mother, the second for little Adeline (my mother to be her guardian), and the third to be placed in my mother's hands in trust for my brother Edmond; but in case he were not discovered before my mother's death it was then to revert to me. My mother was appointed sole executrix. There were a few trifling legacies mentioned in the will; one of nineteen guineas was to Derigny, and another for the same amount to Alice Morgan.

The reading of the will over, we debated upon the description of the different properties to be sold, and the amount the whole would be likely to realise. Mr. Tufton imagined this would be from £20,000 to £25,000. Of course my mother requested Mr. Tufton to act for her in the settling of my father's will, and also assured him she should, when that was finished, still consider him as her future legal adviser, and shortly afterwards he took his leave.

During the next four months we remained in Spital Square.

Mr. Tufton at length informed us that the only thing of any importance which remained to be settled in accordance with my father's will was the sale of the house and furniture in Spital Square; when that was done, a very few weeks would be sufficient to wind up the whole business.

We now quickly made our arrangements for the sale. It was decided that my mother with Adeline and the nurse should leave the day before the sale for Dover, where I was to join them as soon as possession of the house had been given up. Martha, the housemaid, who had been with us since Alice left, not liking to leave London, had obtained another situation, but she remained with me till I left the house. Derigny, who had resided in Spital Square with us since we returned with my father from the Isle of Wight, received notice that after the sale his services would no longer be required. My mother, who did not like the task of dismissing the poor fellow, requested me to do it. I at first objected, but she pressed me so earnestly that I had no longer the heart to refuse. Summoning up all my courage, I sent for Derigny, and gave him my mother's message. The tears came into his eyes when he heard it.

"I had hoped, ma'am," he said, "to have remained always in the family; it's a hard thing to change at my time of life."

I told him I also was very sorry to lose his services, but we had no alternative. We had decided to leave London for some years, perhaps for ever; and as he had a wife and large family, it would be impossible for him to leave them. He admitted my argument; and I then attempted to change the conversation, by asking him if his son, who had supplied his place in the warehouse while he (Derigny) was confined at home with a broken leg, was still in London.

"He is, ma'am," said Derigny.

"Has he a good situation?"

"Yes, ma'am—that is to say, I believe so," said Derigny; "I have not seen him lately."

"Where is he now?"

"Well, ma'am," he replied, after a little hesitation, "I don't exactly know."

"But surely you and his mother hear from him occasionally?"

"Oh, of course, ma'am! I've got his address somewhere at home, but I forget where it is now."

I could easily perceive by Derigny's manner that the subject was a disagreeable one, so I dropped it.

The day before the auctioneer's men entered the house to arrange the furniture in lots for the sale, my mother and I went systematically over the contents of the rooms to see if there were any objects we should like to retain. I need hardly say there were many, but owing to our intention to leave London for good there were few we could keep. These were principally books and objects of jewellery. Among the latter were the two emerald earrings, one whole, the other with the snap broken off.

"I hardly know what to do with these earrings," said my mother; "I shall never wear them again."

"Don't say that, mamma."

"I mean it, Clara; I would give them to you, but they are too old-fashioned for a young woman of your age to wear; and I should not like to have them altered into another pattern," she continued; "they were such favourites with your poor father, it would almost seem disrespectful to his memory were I to do so." Then holding one up to the light, she said, "I hardly know what could be made of them, unless a locket or bracelet-snaps. The emeralds are too large for a ring; they are broader than any person's finger. It is a pity to lose the diamonds though, for they are very good. Well, who knows? when Adeline grows older they may come to her, then she can do what she likes with them."

"But would it not be as well, mamma, to get the snap of this earring mended? the pair are useless as it is."

"You are right, my dear," said my mother, taking the broken one from the case; "and I wish you

would get it mended, and bring it down to Dover with you, or have it sent if you think there is not time before you leave. It will be quite safe with Storr and Mortimer."

I took the earring and broken snap from my mother, and having folded them up in a small piece of white paper, I put them in my pocket, and we went on with our researches, setting aside those things we proposed keeping. These, when collected, were sent into a room on the second floor, which had been set apart for Adeline and the nurse.

On the day arranged, my mother started for Dover, leaving me to follow when the sale was over. Derigny was to remain in the house till the proper formalities had been gone through prior to our giving up possession to the purchaser of the lease. The house and its contents, the day following the departure of my mother, were delivered up to the auctioneer's men, with the exception of two bedrooms on the top floor, and the room which had been used as a nursery for Adeline. The furniture in these was but of trifling value, and my mother had told me on leaving the house to present it in her name to Derigny.

The day for the sale at length arrived, and the goods were sold, with the exception of the furniture in the three rooms reserved for Derigny. By noon the following day, furniture, auctioneer's men, brokers, and all other persons employed had quitted the premises, and I, Derigny, and Martha alone remained in the house. In the evening Mr. Tufton called, and I was obliged to receive him in Adeline's room. I endeavoured to apologise for the reception I was obliged to give him.

"Pray make no apology," he said, "for none is needed. I am afraid you will find it very dull here without your mother and little daughter."

"It will only be for two days longer," I said.

"When do you intend leaving then?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"So soon?" he said. "I think then we had better commence business at once, as to-morrow I shall not be in London. I will now pay the legacies to the two servants. Who is this Derigny?"

"He was a porter in the warehouse before my father left business, and since we returned from the Isle of Wight he has resided in the house more as a protection than anything else. He is the man to whom my mother gave the furniture of the three rooms as soon as I leave."

"Very good. Is he in the house now? if so, I may as well pay him at once."

I sent for Derigny, and Mr. Tufton told him he was about to pay him his legacy, and asked him if he would like to receive it in a cheque.

"In money, if you please, sir," he replied. Then turning to me he said, "And I was going to ask a favour of you, ma'am. As you leave the day after to-morrow, and I should not like to be absent from the house again after you are gone till it is given

up, would you have any objection to let me have a holiday to-morrow?"

"None whatever, Derigny; you can leave as early as you like, only be home at night."

Derigny now left us, and Mr. Tufton inquired for Alice Morgan.

"She does not live here," I said.

"Where then?"

"Somewhere in Chelsea, but I forget the address."

"How then shall I pay her the money?" he asked.

"Well, I had proposed paying her a visit to-morrow to bid her farewell. Although I do not know the name of the street she lives in, I can direct a cabman to the house with great ease when once I am in the King's Road."

"I wish then you would give her the money. I will draw out the receipt for you, and you will only have to sign it."

The next morning I began to make preparations for leaving the house. I first drew the earring from my pocket to see that it was safe. It was there, certainly, but I hardly considered that it was the right place to keep it, and noticing on the table a small cardboard box, I asked Martha to get me a piece of cotton-wool, that I might put the earring into the box and carry it the more safely to the jeweller's. Martha went to fetch a piece from up-stairs, and in the meantime, putting the box again on the table, I prepared myself for going out. Martha returned with the wool, and then hurriedly left the room, saying there was a knock at the street door. A few minutes afterwards she entered again, with so surprised a look on her countenance that I feared something had happened.

"What is the matter, Martha?" I said.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, there's a man below that wants to see you, and he says he won't go away without!"

"What man?" I asked.

"Well, ma'am, I hardly know, dressed as he is," said the girl, hesitatingly.

"How is he dressed?"

"Something like a soldier," said Martha; "but his uniform's so tattered and stained I shouldn't have liked to let him into the house if it had not been——" and here she stopped short.

"Speak out, Martha," I said; "what is it you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, if he hadn't been so shabby, I should have thought it was Mr. Edmond himself."

"And where is he now?" I asked, in a tone of anxiety.

"He's in the front parlour, ma'am. "I didn't know whether you'd like him shown up."

I pushed by the girl, and, rushing down-stairs, I found, as she had stated, a man in a tattered soldier's uniform in the parlour, standing with his back to me, and looking out of the window. Hearing me enter he turned round, and in spite of his

wan, pallid look and half-famished features, I immediately recognised in him my dear brother Edmond.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE FEATHER BALL AGAIN.

FOR some time Edmond and I remained clasped in each other's arms. When I had somewhat recovered my surprise I led him up-stairs into the room I had just left, where we could talk together more at ease.

As soon as he had recovered his self-possession, he said to me, "Oh, Clara! this is the first happy moment I have passed since I last saw you. Culpable as my conduct has certainly been, be assured I have been severely punished for it."

"But what has kept you away so long, Edmond?" I asked.

"I had no opportunity of returning to you, Clara. In a fit of passion I wandered down to Chatham, and there enlisted as a private in the East India Company's Artillery, and shortly afterwards quitted England."

"And have you left the army now?" I said.

"I have," he replied; "nor will I return to it again, if I can help it."

"If you can help it," I said; "why, who is to oblige you?"

Before replying, Edmond rose from his seat, and having opened the door, looked cautiously out on the landing.

"What are you afraid of, Edmond?" I inquired.

"I wanted to be certain no one was within ear-shot," he said, returning to his seat. "The fact is, Clara," he continued, reducing his voice almost to a whisper, "I am a deserter, and if caught I shall be subjected to a most severe punishment."

"But your regiment is not in England, is it?"

"No, it is not," he replied; "but let me tell you all. I was quartered at Calcutta, and there, through the tyranny of one of the officers, I led so miserable a life, that my very existence became insupportable. At last one day, irritated beyond endurance at an insult he offered me, I answered him in an angry tone. He struck me, and I returned the blow. The moment afterwards the full magnitude of the crime I had committed appeared before me, and I rushed out of the barracks as rapidly as possible, and seeking the house of an acquaintance, who I knew detested the captain as sincerely as I did, asked him to give me shelter. This he willingly did, and I remained with him for some days, till at length he contrived to hide me on board a ship bound to England. As soon as we were out of sight of the coast I made my appearance, and told the captain who I was, volunteering to work my passage to London. As he was short-handed he made no objection to my offer, and this morning I landed at the East India Docks, and then came straight on here."

"Have you heard, Edmond," I said, "of our dear father's death?"

"Dead, Clara!" he said; and then after a moment's silence he continued, "for months past I have had the impression that I should never see him alive. When did he die?"

"About five months since."

"I hope, Clara, he died in peace with me?"

"Of that I am certain, Edmond. He was not a man to bear animosity against any one, much less a son whom he loved so dearly."

"Oh, Clara! I am truly sorry for all that passed. And my mother, where is she?"

"She is at Dover with little Adeline."

"Is she going to remain there?"

"We have not yet determined where we shall reside. Sometimes we think of living abroad, and at others of remaining in England."

"Is my mother in good health?"

"Yes, all things considered, she is in excellent health," I said.

"And your child, Clara?"

"She is also in perfect health, and has grown a fine little girl."

"And now tell me something about yourself, Clara. Where is De Vernieu?"

I gave my brother a very short description of all that had taken place, ending with the trial and its results.

"That is very sad, Clara," he said, when I had concluded; "but I am not surprised at it. When my poor father returned from France after his interview with the baron, and told us what had taken place, and insisted on our secrecy, I anticipated how affairs would end."

"And you said nothing to me about it, Edmond?"

"What possible use would it have been had I done so, Clara? Bad news, under any circumstances, always arrives too soon," he said. "But now I must ask you to protect and assist me, for I am sure you love me too well not to do so."

"Indeed, Edmond, you may depend upon that," I replied. "But tell me in what way I can do it."

"In the first place I want some money to buy clothes, and enough over to get away from London."

"You had better join mamma at Dover to-morrow. I am going down then, why not go with me?"

"Nothing would give me greater happiness, Clara, and I will readily do so."

"What a pity," I remarked, "I have just sent off a letter to mamma; how pleased she would have been to hear of your return. But you could write to her yourself, Edmond, I will give you her address."

"Possibly the sight of my handwriting might frighten her," he said; "you had better write, Clara. But first I must ask another favour," he continued,

looking at me earnestly, "give me something to eat, for I am half starved."

Vexed with myself for not having thought of it before, I went to the door, and calling to Martha, who was at the time engaged in packing her boxes, I desired her to get some breakfast at once. This she did, and while it was being prepared we continued to converse together, principally on Edmond's adventures in India, and circumstances which had taken place after my father's death.

"I suppose, Clara," he said, "my father left me nothing?"

"As I understand the will, Edmond, nothing till after my mother's death; but of that I am not quite certain, as I do not understand law terms very well. It will matter little, however, for you may depend upon it neither my mother nor myself will allow you to want for anything."

"I am perfectly certain of that, dear," he replied; "still, I must say my father might have left me something for myself."

"How should he have known that you were alive, Edmond? you never wrote to him, or any of us."

"That's true, Clara. After all, I alone am to blame, and I admit it."

The breakfast was now brought in, and Edmond sat down to his meal.

When Martha returned to clear away the things, she said to me, "Might I go now to Derigny's, ma'am? I shall be back before you go out."

"Yes, go at once, Martha," I replied.

After the girl had left the room, I gave Edmond ten sovereigns with which to get himself proper clothes. He seemed most grateful for my kindness, and said he would go at once, as there would then be less chance of detection than if he went later, when notice of his desertion would be sent to the East India House.

"But, Edmond dear," I said, "I also want to go out, having several commissions to execute to-day. Could you remain in the house till Martha returns, and then you can go as soon as you like? Tell her to prepare dinner for us at six o'clock, and we can pass the evening together afterwards."

Edmond agreed to my proposal, and I then quitted the house. I had hardly, however, reached the High Street in search of a cab, than I remembered I had left the emerald earring behind me. I immediately returned for it, Edmond opening the door for me. I placed the little box in my pocket, and again leaving the house, started on my way to Chelsea.

On the road my mind was principally occupied with the surprise Edmond's return had occasioned me, and what means had better be taken for his future security and welfare. Angry as I had been with him when he quitted us, my anger had now as completely vanished as if he had remained with my father till his death. Even the gross act of dishonesty he had committed seemed obliterated from

my mind, and I would have entrusted him with all I possessed as readily as I would have done the day he gave me the watch, so full a reliance had I then on his honour.

I continued in the same train of thought till the cab reached Alice's house, and a few minutes afterwards the events of the morning were almost driven from my mind by the sad troubles which had befallen poor Alice since I last saw her. When I knocked at the door I had to wait some minutes before it was opened; so long, in fact, that I began to fear there was no one in the house. Presently I heard footsteps descending the stairs, and a moment afterwards the door was opened by Alice herself. She had changed so much that at first I hardly recognised her. She was dressed in deep mourning (though of a very shabby description), her face was pale, thin, and anxious, as if she had long suffered from a combination of sorrow and privation. The truth then thrust itself on me in spite of my effort to drive it away. Alice read my thoughts by my face, as plainly as if I had uttered them.

"He is gone, poor boy," she said, bursting into tears; "he's gone, ma'am, and I believe all the happiness of my life has gone with him."

"But where is your husband, Alice?" I said; "he is well, I hope?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank you, he's quite well."

"And is he in London?" I asked.

"No, ma'am, he's gone down to a job in Devonshire, where he'll remain a long time—many months, probably."

"But your poor boy, Alice—what did he die of?"

"It was an accident, ma'am," she replied. "One evening he was playing about the room with his ball, and it rolled down-stairs. He rushed after it to catch it, but his foot slipped, and he fell head-long down the whole flight, striking his head against the stones at the bottom. We sent for a doctor, who did all he could, but it was useless, and he died the next day."

Alice hurried over this statement connected with the child's death so rapidly as to prove to me how painful the subject was to her. I determined to change the conversation.

"Alice," I said, "I have brought some news for you this morning; but first, I suppose you have heard of my dear father's death?"

"I have not, ma'am," said Alice, somewhat rousing herself. "I heard from Derigny, whom I have not seen for many months, that he was so hopelessly ill nothing could save him, so I am not surprised at it."

"You see, Alice, yours is not the only house that has had its sorrows since we last met."

Alice made no reply, possibly—and very naturally—in doubt in what manner my remark could alleviate her own sorrow.

"When my father's will was read," I continued, "we found, Alice, that he had remembered you in

it. He has left you a legacy of nineteen guineas, which I have brought you to-day."

"I'm sure, ma'am, I'm most grateful to him," said Alice, greatly surprised. "Never was money in this world more acceptable to a human being than it will now be to me."

It appeared to me that the intelligence of our leaving England for some years, as well as the unexpected legacy she had received, had far less effect on Alice than might have been expected. At first I was inclined to believe that very possibly the terrible misfortune which had lately occurred to her might have deadened her susceptibilities on other subjects. I again turned the conversation on matters connected

with herself, avoiding as much as possible the death of her child. Alice's answers, though to the point, were short, and it was evident she had a dislike to speak upon her affairs. I at last rose to take my leave, now fully persuaded there was some sad mystery connected with her sorrow of which she had not spoken, and would not speak.

In this conclusion I afterwards found I was not wrong. The old woman whom I had met in the matron's room of the workhouse, gave me a full account of all the circumstances connected with it, and which had better be laid before the reader ere I proceed further with my own narrative.

(To be continued.)

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

"Where is God my maker, who giveth songs in the night?"—Job xxxv. 10.

THIS expression, "songs in the night," belongs to the region of poetry. Many parts of the Bible abound in poetical phraseology of this description, and appeal to us very strongly from the pathos and originality of their structure. It will not do for us to attempt to interpret, therefore, every passage of Holy Scripture into its equivalent prose. Prosaic expressions are too cold, too inanimate to be capable of clothing adequately in language the bright, glowing thoughts of the inspired poet; and often the sacred writers of the various books of the Bible take refuge in the licence of a poet to suggest a thought, rather than to delineate it. Symbols, allegories, metaphors, every kind and class of illustration, enrich the pages of Scripture, and our greatest danger from this source is probably the danger lest, owing to our unimpassioned English dispositions, we should confine the poetry of the Bible to a too literal and too prosaic interpretation.

These words from Job are from the spiritual treasure-house of God, and, being spiritual, can be only "spiritually discerned." We do not understand therefore by this phrase, "songs in the night," any material idea. They are not, for instance, the voices of those "who sing a pleasant song," but rather some inward spiritual expression of melody. They are the witnesses of an inward peace and calm which are softly stealing over the slumbering spirit, lifting it from the discords of the world to the harmonies of heaven. They are the gentle cadences of that music which the hand of God elicits from the chords of man's heart, full of silent eloquence, and rich with the echoes of those far-off strains which thrill through the streets of the New Jerusalem. And yet they do but whisper in the recesses of the soul, and none but the chosen recipients can distinguish their

melody. Who then, my reader, do you ask are the chosen recipients? Turn to Ps. lxxvii., and the Divine Psalmist of old will tell you: "In the time of my trouble I sought the Lord: . . . in the night-season; my soul refused comfort. . . I have considered the days of old: and the years that are past. I call to remembrance my song: and in the night I commune with mine own heart, and search out my spirits." Those, then, are the recipients of this heaven-born minstrelsy who, in their trouble, ponder upon the Lord; those who, when great trials oppress them, look back with gratitude on the days gone by, and God's mercies in time past; those who try to bear the present ills with fortitude and resignation, because God their maker has never failed to shield and protect them. And it is no little comfort to us to find that *these* are the human beings who are favoured with the dulcet strains of heaven's music; to find that *these* are the recipients of God's own harmony. We should otherwise have feared that it might have been only to the specially pious and holy that these melodies were vouchsafed; that ordinary people like ourselves, who mixed with the world, who lived and sinned like other folk, would never be so blessed as this. But no such thing; the only condition of mind which seems requisite is that our spirits shall be examined in the presence of the Almighty (think of this word), and all his mercies remembered. Nothing in the shape or in the nature of sin must lurk within our soul; no evil, in practice or in design, must be allowed to linger within us; and when this point is gained, I can see no other condition, expressed or implied, which must be obeyed, before *any* of God's children may hear "his songs in the night."

So strange it seems, at first, that they should come in the night; and yet there is a beauty in the very thought. When all the world is hushed and

quiet, when outward Nature sinks to sleep, when no sound of this earth below intrudes upon the sacred presence, God our maker stands beside us and giveth us "songs in the night." It is as though he willed us never to be without witness of himself. By day our eyes are everywhere met by tokens of his presence and his power; every flower, every field, every landscape with its waving trees and lowing oxen, every billow of the restless ocean, every work of his hands seems vocal with his praise, seems stamped with the glory of his providence. But when the starry mantle of night wraps all these in gloom and darkness, lest man, in the vastness of this great universe, should feel deserted and alone, lest the sense of such vague infinitude should terrify and alarm him, then, too, God his maker "leaves him not, nor yet forsakes him," but in his tender lovingkindness giveth him "songs in the night." Nor is this all: there is a special appropriateness in the sending of these angel-songs by night; for it is by night that we are accustomed to search out and commune with our spirits. It is a time for thought, for self-reflection. The night succeeding allows us to stand aside and measure the day past; measure its work done and left undone; its triumphs, its failures. It is the night that allows us to measure *ourselves*, what we have done well, what we have done badly, how far we intend to do better on the morrow. It is the night which, shutting out this earth of ours, and the earthly sun which lights it, allows us to measure the real universe, its immensity, its illimitable space, peopled with unknown worlds, while the dim, dark thought of eternity stands far away in the background and closes in our view. Then it is that, feeling our own nothingness, our own helplessness, we gratefully cast ourselves on God's almighty arms; then it is that, with the reality of the future state before us, and our uncertain tenure upon this present state, we are thankful to hear rising up within our souls the whispers of his voice, and reassured, both for time and for eternity, we praise the "Lord our maker, who giveth songs in the night."

How different from this providence of God is the custom of the world! The world gives all its songs by *day*. When fame attends our path, when riches increase around us; when all goes well, and Fortune smiles upon our prosperity, then all the world rejoices in our rejoicing; many is the face that beams us welcome; many the hand that grasps our own with fervour; many too the voice that joins the multitude, and giveth us songs *in the day*. But when the night of adversity closes gloomily around us; when reverses of fortune, calamities, sorrows overwhelm us, where *then* are the faces, the hands, the voices which once flattered and caressed us? Who can say? One thing only

we know, that when all untrue hearts are turned from us, when the world discards us, and points at us the finger of scorn, then in that dark hour the one true and holy Comforter is closer than ever to our side, and "God our maker giveth us songs in the night." Not as the world gives, does he give unto us, but he "keeps the good wine until last," and when the weary day is ended, when the cup of pleasure is drained dry, then to the parched and thirsty spirit, lulled by the good wine of Christ's Gospel, God sends his blessed gift of sleep, and in the first refreshing slumber there seem to steal over the jaded sleeper, like dew on the scorched flowers, soft echoes of the celestial choirs, music of angel-voices so subdued, but so enchanting, that when that slumberer awakes to better deeds and nobler aspirations, the voices still linger near him, and he understands how that in his *night* of error God his maker hath given him those songs to win him to himself.

Samuel, in the dim twilight of evening, when the lamp was burning low in the house of God; Paul and Silas, in the prison at Philippi, when in the dead of night they prayed and sang praises unto the Lord; poor King Saul, when, in the dark melancholy of his madness, David, the young Psalmist, struck out on his heedless ear the wild and impassioned music of his native land—these and others in Holy Writ are those to whom God may be said to have spoken in these nocturnal harmonies, whose spirits have been cheered by his "songs in the night."

But, my readers, we need not search any further for instances than among ourselves and in our own hearts. Who has not known what it is to go to rest at night out of harmony with the quiet world around, and with a heart in discord with the voices which are heard among the heavenly bodies above him? the silvery moon sailing majestically through the attendant stars, the planets pursuing their unerring course, the "hush" of all creation—these seem to jar upon his spirit "like sweet bells jangled out of tune;" he seeks his couch, unsoothed, uncared, these all do but reproach him. The fretting cares, the anxieties, the worries of the day retain a fast hold upon him, or haply, the consciousness of some sin causes all that discord in his soul. He cannot be at rest because his will is opposed to the will of God, or because he cannot disentangle himself from the meshes which the world and its business have woven around him; fear, hope, care, sin, pleasure, like so many phantoms, chase each other across his fevered brain, and his soul absolutely refuses comfort. Then it is that thoughts of God's mercies in times past; the dangers and the anxieties from which God has delivered him; the anticipated evils which he has averted; then, too, the remembrance of better days in his own life, when the world had less hold upon him, and he

loved God more; times when in all the careless sleep of childhood he laid him down and took his rest without a thought of hope or fear—all his old trust in God revives in him, the old memories return, and he sinks to sleep another grateful witness that God our maker does indeed give songs in the night.

One word in conclusion, my reader, concerning the lesson of our text. It is a difficult one to learn and practise, but this it is, that we should never

lie awake in the hours of darkness, fretting and anxious, full of forebodings, worried with care, but all our troubles should at once be cast upon Him "who careth for us;" then, when in the blackness of night we turn to find him, we shall not have to ask long, "Where is God my maker?" for he will be found close at our side, and his presence will be made known by the silent songs of peace and heavenly joy which come wafted to us on the wings of the night.

HERBERT ROWSELL.

THE EMIGRANT'S BOOK.

FAVOURING breezes bear the good ship
From the harbour out to sea;
On her beam the rippling waters
Dash and flash as if in glee.

II.

Eastward-bound, she seeks the regions
Mid the Polynesian main,
Where the swarming, hardy Saxon
Labours with the hand and brain.

III.

Till from Carpentaria's waters
To Tasmania's southern shore
England waves her regal sceptre,
Spreads her mighty influence o'er.

IV.

By the bulwark, near the steerage,
All alone a stripling stands—
Boy in years, but man in courage,
And a book is in his hands.

V.

'Tis a book that tells the stories
Of those gallant men of old,
Who through seas unknown, unfriendly,
Hopeful still their courses held.

VI.

Great Columbus, brave De Gama,
Quiros, Torres, Tasman, Cook—

Pilgrims on a glorious mission—
Are the heroes of the book.

VII.

As he opens, to read, the volume
See, a page arrests his eye—
Tenderly he gazes on it
With a smile and with a sigh.

VIII.

There he sees the loved handwriting
Of the dear ones left behind—
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Till with tears his eyes grow blind.

IX.

Mother's tender words of blessing,
Father's warning counsel sage,
Brother's cheering, sister's farewell,
Blotching with her tears the page.

X.

These shall all, like guardian angels,
Keep his soul and spirit pure—
Armour to protect his body,
Than triple brass and oak more sure.

XI.

So God speed him on his voyage,
Till he reach the distant shore;
So God prosper and sustain him,
Till he join those friends once more.

J. F. WALLER.

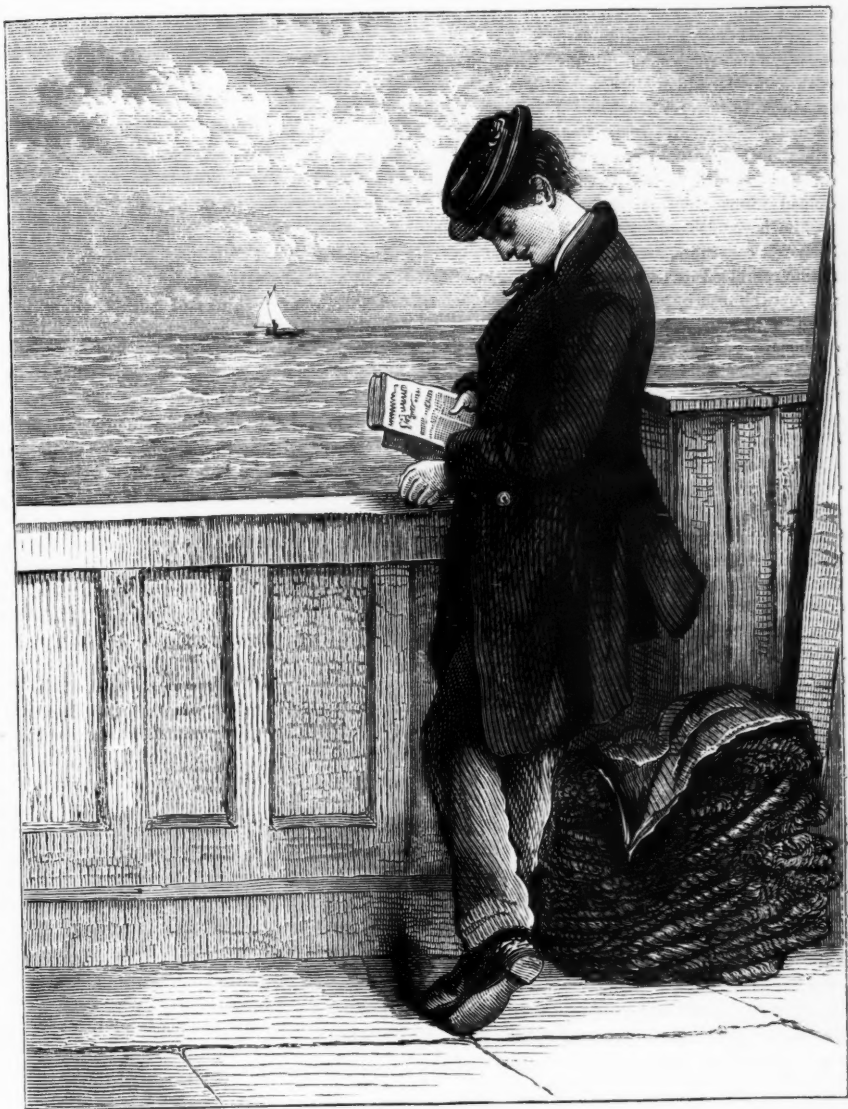
THE DINGY HOUSE AT KENSINGTON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ABOUT NELLIE," "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.

POLLY made up her mind that Robert Welch would prove a hero and look like one; and when he appeared she was woefully disappointed. She put a new crimson ribbon in her hair and round her throat, she put on her best beads and her daintiest collar, she laid the tea-table three times before she

was satisfied with it, and she expended a shilling of her scanty stock of pocket-money, so that the hero might not think that tea-table shabby. She looked a dozen times in the glass, insisted on her mamma putting on her best cap, which her mamma was only too delighted to do, gave Jack careful instructions how he was to behave, and waited with the greatest impatience for the hero's double knock; and when she



"There he sees the loved handwriting
Of the dear ones left behind"—p. 664.

heard it she felt the colour come to her face and her heart throb with agitation.

When he appeared she saw a quiet, self-possessed-looking young man, with nothing particular to distinguish him, and with not a single attribute with which she had mentally endowed him;—a slight, fair young man, with a pale face and gentlemanly manners; not handsome, neither witty nor brilliant; not very clever, but with a business-like air about him that insensibly made Polly turn up her nose a little more than nature had already. He seemed pleased to find a home in the Dawson family, and explained that he did not go out much, as his chest was delicate, and he avoided night air. He talked chiefly to Mr. Dawson, he never looked once at the crimson bow, and Polly felt convinced he did not notice her beads. He said he regretted leaving Liverpool, but hoped to return when the firm by which he was engaged could find room for him there. He looked at the drawing-rooms, thought gas would be bad for his eyes, and observed that he should only light one burner, as two would make the rooms too warm. He agreed to take possession of the rooms the next day, thanked the lawyer for his kindness, chatted a few moments with Mrs. Dawson, scarcely spoke to Polly, and took his leave, tying a woollen comforter round his throat for fear of the cold.

"A very sensible young man," said Mr. Dawson, "I shall invite him down of an evening after tea; and remember, Polly, he is delicate, so do not keep too large a fire, or too great a flare of gas," and the lawyer retreated to his study.

"I think he liked me," Mrs. Dawson said, "he was so polite. I dare say he could see I was a lady, you know, and thought it was very kind of me to receive him into my house," forgetting how little she had had to do with his reception. "Well, you see I am not a purse-proud thing like Mrs. Albury is, though her father was only a doctor, not an M.D. either; and I am not sarcastic like that Margaret Albury, am I, Polly?" she asked in perfect innocence, glorifying herself in the most self-satisfied manner.

"No, mamma," her daughter answered, with dutiful readiness.

"Well," continued Mrs. Dawson, a little entreatingly, and smoothing the bands of her hair, "and I am not so plain as Mrs. Albury, am I?" The last words came as softly and mock-doubtfully as a coquette appealing to her lover, and with a hurried look in the direction of the glass, which showed clearly from whom Polly had inherited her vanity. Mrs. Dawson was only a grown-up child in many things.

"No, mamma, that you are not," and she looked affectionately at her mother, and meant her negative.

"He didn't seem to take to you, Polly; I wonder why that was. He seems a very nice young man, and I shouldn't have been surprised if he had been

struck with you; perhaps he may be yet, who knows?" Mrs. Dawson could weave a romance out of a cobweb.

"I don't think he will," Polly said; "I don't think he is at all a romantic individual."

"Somehow girls are not admired as they once were," she continued; "I know I used often to hear of their being eloped with. Your father ran away with me, my dear, as you know; not that your poor dear grandfather would have objected, though I dare say I might have done better," well knowing all the time that in all probability she would never have had any other chance of doing better or worse. "And I remember I have heard in those days of girls being once seen, their names found out, and an offer of marriage coming by the next post from some one who turned out to be very rich, and all sorts of things."

"No one ever thinks of such a thing in these days," said Polly; "I wish they did."

"Well, I shall read my book now," said Mrs. Dawson. She was fond of reading, especially love stories, which she generally borrowed of the abused Mrs. Albury; love stories which ended in universal wretchedness Mrs. Dawson preferred. She was so tired of the conventional winding up with a marriage, and the assurance of every one being impossibly happy; no, she preferred that they should die after making a pathetic speech, or that the lovers of the story should each marry the wrong person, and for the rest of their miserable lives do their duty in the most heroic manner, while their hearts bewailed their dismal fate, and their consciences silently sang psalms of self-praise and glorification. Then she felt sorry for them and compassionate, and thought of the "poor things" with a lingering tenderness, and sorrowfully delighted in the unhappiness her heart would have ached to witness. "I wonder if Mr. Welch will have any books with him," she said; "if so he can lend them to me. Jack, I wish you would learn to play a pretty tune instead of those stupid scales; I am sure Mr. Welch won't like them." And Mrs. Dawson, having expressed her views and opinions, generally left her offspring to their own resources.

Jack took refuge in "The Carnival of Venice," which became a most eccentric carnival under his treatment; and Polly took the red bow out of her hair, looked at it affectionately, wrapped it up in tissue paper, and put it by for more appreciative eyes on another occasion. To-night, she reflected with a little regretful sigh, the beauty of that bow had decidedly been wasted on the desert air.

"He isn't a bit like what I imagined," she pouted; "he hasn't even broad shoulders, or big hands, or a gruff voice," not in the least knowing what made her consider these necessary qualifications for a hero. "I am sure *he* will never elope with any one; I shouldn't think he'll ever get the chance. Oh no," she repeated to herself, "he isn't the least bit in the world like what I expected; he never looked at

me, and he talks about the night air, and puts a woollen 'comforter' round his neck!"

In three days Polly had discovered that his apparent insensibility was merely the result of nervous shyness, which, in spite of his seeming self-possession, was one of his strongest characteristics; when this had worn off, and he was quite at his ease, he had pleasant manners, was good-natured and easy-tempered. He was very punctual, never left the house in the morning a second later than the appointed time, did his work well, and when it was done he did nothing—that is, he never read, and seldom followed any intellectual pursuit; therefore he had little or no general knowledge, and from his very limited area of observation and knowledge, but few subjects for conversation. He was fond of figures and clever at them, never in any way shirked his office duty, and threw all his energy into it; therefore he was popular with his employers, spoken of as being "cut out of the stuff of which rich men are made," and promised to become an excellent man of business. Of an evening he dawdled, or put his hands in his pockets and looked out of window, whistling in a low key while he idly watched the passers-by, or day-dreamt; or he sat still and looked in the fire, and speculated on the future. He had made up his mind to be a rich man by his own exertions, and he had in favour of his becoming at any rate a well-off one, youth, perseverance, fair ability, and the authority of the poet—Sir Philip Sidney, was it not?—who asserts that "he who aims at the sun is sure to hit higher than a bush."

There was one thing Polly liked him for almost immediately—when the shyness had worn off—he was very communicative. He told her everything she wanted to know about himself; indeed, he rather liked the subject, and would have given her his whole history, from his christening onwards, if she had cared to listen to it. Nothing pleases a woman better than asking questions, and having them fully answered; it fosters two of her foibles at once—curiosity and vanity.

"Do you know," said Polly, at the end of his first month's residence in her father's house, "I thought you had a particular objection to me the first evening you came, for you hardly spoke to me, and never once looked at me!" and she shook her head a little disdainfully at the very remembrance.

"I watched you all the time," he said.

"You did!" she exclaimed; "why how could you, for you even kept your head turned the other way?"

"I saw you in the looking-glass. You had that same bit of ribbon in your hair, I think, as you have to-night; it was red at all events."

"Why, I thought you never noticed it."

"You did think about it, then?"

"Oh no," trying to look very careless and unconcerned; "only, you know, I fancied—at least—well, you know, red is a bright colour, so I thought you

might have thought it a little gaudy." Polly was getting confused over her first essay in coquetry."

"I see," he answered. "Miss Dawson," he said presently, "Mr. Dawson told me I could always come down of an evening; could I not have tea with you? a man never knows how to handle a teapot somehow."

"I don't know," she answered. It would involve an extra spoonful of tea, she thought, and an extra spoonful of anything in that establishment meant an extra scolding from the master, who was very much the master thereof. "Perhaps you had better ask my father; he is in his study."

"What a dreadful fuss," he thought; "perhaps though the father is very strict in these matters. Some fathers fancy every man has a design on the affections of their daughters; I am sure he need not be afraid of me."

He was not angry at this solution of the matter; a man never is when he fancies himself credited with the amount of fascination it is necessary to possess to render a design on a woman's affections practicable—he may scorn the action, but he forgives the suspicion. Vanity is a great tyrant over us all, but it has a pleasant habit sometimes of whispering very pretty nothings of which we do not see the nothingness.

"Certainly," the lawyer said, in answer to his question; "indeed, you need scarcely enter your drawing-room of an evening unless you like: we are glad to have you with us;" and he thought quickly of the wear and tear of furniture and stair-carpet, and the item of gas which would be saved. "Only we must enter into some trifling arrangement of the matter," he continued, in his softest tone, "you know. I am sure that the interest my dear, kind brother wished me to take in you——"

"Believe he's going to make a speech," Robert Welch thought.

"To take in you," repeated the lawyer, looking as mild as a lamb nature had forgotten to develop into a sheep, "is no task; indeed, as I have no grown-up sons of my own I was delighted when he asked me to look after your welfare during your stay in London, and it was this feeling which induced me to suggest your residing with us. With regard to the tea of an evening, by all means join our table; we will, as I think it right every young man should thoroughly have the principle of independence instilled into him, come to some slight understanding concerning it, and then we will consider the matter settled."

"All right, Mr. Dawson."

"It is a rule of my life, my dear Welch," he added, getting in his most gracious temper as he received the young man's ready acquiescence to his proposal, "to have every transaction, however slight, well defined. There is nothing like having a most perfect understanding, both with yourself and other people."

"Miss Polly," he said, as he returned to the

dining-room, "I am at your mercy of an evening in future."

"I am so glad," she said.

"Why are you glad? I thought perhaps you would not like the trouble."

"I forgot that," she answered; "I only said I was glad out of politeness. I am very sorry."

"I am very glad, but I do not say so out of politeness."

"Then *why* are you glad? There is your own question back for you to answer."

"There is no occasion for me to answer it, you know already."

(*To be continued.*)

BLIND MATTHEW.

BLIND Matthew, coming down the village street
With slow, sure footsteps, pauses for a
while,

And in the sunlight falling soft and sweet
His features brighten to a kindly smile.

Upon his ear the sounds of toil and gain,
Clanking from wood-girt shop and smithy, steal,
And soft he whispers, "O my fellow-men,
I cannot see you, but I hear and feel."

Then smiling still he slowly steps along,
And every kindly word and friendly tone,
Like the old fragment of an early song,
Wakes thoughts that make the past again his
own.

The children see him, and in merry band
Come shouting from their glad and healthy play,
"Here is blind Matthew, let us take his hand,
And see if he can guess our names to-day."

Then all around him throng, and run, and press,
And lead him to his seat beneath the tree,
Each striving to be first, for his caress,
Or gain the favoured seat upon his knee.

Then Matthew, happy in their artless prate,
Cries, as he slips into their guileless plan,
"Now see who holds my right hand is sweet Kate,
And she who holds my left is little Anne."

Then all the children leap with joyful cries,
Till one fair prattler nestling on his breast
Whispers, "Blind Matthew, tell us when thine eyes
Shall have their light, and open like the rest."

Then closer still he draws the little one,
Laying his hand upon her golden head;
Then speaks with low, soft, sweet and solemn tone,
While all the rest range round with quiet tread.

He tells how Christ, in ages long ago,
Came down to earth in human shape and name,
Walking his pilgrimage, begirt with woe,
And laying healing hands on blind and lame.

Then of blind Bartimeus, the beggar, he
Who by the wayside sat, and cried in awe,
"Jeh as, thou Son of David, look on me;"
And Jesus looked and touched him, and he saw.

"But not on earth these orbs of mine shall fill
With light," thus Matthew ends, "for in this
night

I must grope on with Christ to guide me still,
And he will lead me through the grave to light.

"So when you miss old Matthew from the street,
And in the quiet of the churchyard lies
A new-made grave, to draw your timid feet,
Then will you know that Christ has touched my
eyes."

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.—I.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK AND ITS STORY."

THE ERA OF ITS BIRTH.

AN association of persons under this name has existed in England for about seventy years. It has a great object in view, and has in a considerable measure achieved it, thereby, however, only rendering its own existence a greater necessity than before. Its object was to render accessible to all nations, in their own languages, the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, and to kindle in all lands the desire to peruse them. The importance of this object will be illustrated by one or two

word-pictures of the era in which this society arose, when thoughtful men felt it to be peculiarly needful to re-assert the Divine authority of the Sacred Book itself, and the right of all men to possess it.

France, our next neighbour on the continent of Europe, had just cast away the foundations of society with the tyrannies of class; and amid seas of blood her new rulers were propounding new but vain systems of false liberty; were enthroning a goddess of reason, but had put out the light of Revelation. The Sabbath was discarded; death

was declared to be a sleep for ever. The Bible and the Church were alike ignored. Voltaire and Rousseau were the guides of opinion in their place.

Then, amid the raging waves of civil discord, arose the star of Napoleon Bonaparte, a young officer of the French army, but of Corsican, and, it is said, of Hebrew extraction by exile from Genoa, who bewitched the soul of distracted France by visions of military glory. He emerged into the notice of Europe, as the conqueror of Italy, just before the close of the eighteenth century. Created General, and afterwards First Consul, he engaged in a war of twenty-three years with nearly all the European states by turns. In 1804 he assembled a large force on the shores of the British Channel, and proposed the plunder of London. A hundred thousand men and three or four thousand boats were ready at Boulogne; and in the museum of that place may be found a medal which Napoleon had struck, with this premature motto—"Descent en Angleterre—frappé en Londres;" but a new storm burst in Germany, and saved the British Isles from the destroyer.

The years 1810 and 1811 were those of Napoleon's greatest power. He had 800,000 soldiers at his bidding, and had then set himself to vanquish all English influence in Russia, believing that Spain would afterwards speedily yield. "My destiny," said he, "is not accomplished. I must make one nation out of all the European states, and Paris must become the world's capital."

Certainly Europe was never before so subjected to the will of one ambitious man. Of all the nations Britain alone defied him, and ere long came his downfall, as remarkable as his rise. His retreats from Moscow and from Leipsic, his forced abdication and exile to Elba, his escape thence in 1815 to fight the battle of Waterloo—when the English, Russian, Prussian, and allied armies totally defeated the escaped prisoner and decreed his further exile for life to the Island of St. Helena,—where at the age of fifty-one he died—are all within the scope of living memories.

The influence of Napoleon upon Europe belongs chiefly to the nineteenth century, as does the history of the Bible Society. As the man of war went down to his inglorious grave the Book of peace went forth to all the world.

From military conquests we must now look back upon the social influence which three or four other individuals had exercised on the previous century: that in France of Rousseau, Voltaire,

and their school; that in England of Whitefield and Wesley.

Books sow seeds that may spring up in the lives of their writers or long after their deaths. These men either wrote books or by their powers of eloquent speech persuaded multitudes; and all of them by the practice of their own principles created eras. In France they were licentious and infidel books, and the seeds sprang up and brought forth the French Revolution. Their authors contended against Popery, but had nothing better to propose in its stead. In England the men were believers in God's Book, and they preached and wrote according to it, for the common people. Born and educated within the pale of the English Church, and always attached to her in feeling, they yet saw it needful to break up the stereotype of a national church which, although Protestant, had, through the inactivity of the clergy, become cold and lifeless, and lost its hold on the lower classes.

With powerful and persuasive voice Whitefield called to Christ crowds not only of colliers and miners, but the Countess of Huntingdon and her associates from the upper ranks. Wesley died only one year before the French Revolution; but not before he had laid deep and broad the foundations of Wesleyan Methodism, with its full, presentation of salvation by the blood of Christ alone. These two left their mark upon their age with its reaction on the world at a time when Bibles were but scarce.

For scarce they were, though Wickliffe in the fourteenth century and Tyndale in the sixteenth had fought the battle of the Book for England, and prepared it for the people. Tyndale had died for its sake in 1536. Great Britain had received the Bible printed in English, Welsh, Gaelic, Irish, and Manx in the course of the 300 years after Tyndale; and in the same space of time Luther had unchained it for Germany, Le Fevre for France, De Reyna for Spain, the United Brethren for Bohemia. Belgium, Denmark, and Russia had it, and even Iceland, Poland, and Hungary, and Italy also;—i.e., translations had been made for them, and small editions had been published. The learned knew of these various Bibles. There were twenty-seven complete translations of the whole Book for Europe, and six of the New Testament. Only nine for Asia, two for Africa, three for America; the original Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac copies completed the list of about fifty-seven versions in whole or in part which presented God's Word to the world before the institution of the Bible Society in 1803.

(To be continued.)

FATHER'S LETTER.

CHAPTER II.



ALLIE'S mother died just a short time before the next letter was expected, and her last words to her little daughter were to be sure to call for it, and carry it to her aunt, with whom she was now to live; and as Allie promised to remember, she added, wistfully, "Oh, Allie! I wish you could write, that you might tell your father yourself of his great sorrow, and that you might comfort him a little."

And then Allie determined that in some way or other she would learn to write and to read better, so that she might read all father's letters for herself, and be able to write to him.

This was the secret of Allie's little hoard of pennies, which she thought any one would be glad to take in return for teaching her to read and write, and it was only the greater anxiety to get the letter which made her take the precious penny out of her pocket.

Mr. Johnstone's heart was touched with pity as he drew out by degrees the child's story, which she told so simply, and he sympathised with the honest, warm-hearted fellow far away, in the bitter grief which had come to him.

"Little one," he said, bending down, "go home to your aunt now with the letter, but don't forget to run in here to-morrow to tell me what father says."

He gave her back the penny too, and smiled so kindly down in her face, that Allie was obliged to smile too, in spite of the big tears which had gathered in her blue eyes.

She looked up gratefully at the kind, great man who had given her so many pennyworths of attention, and then ran off, hardly minding the cold wind and great drops of rain, for had she not father's letter in her pocket! It warmed her into her little heart, and made it lighter and happier than it had been ever since her mother died; and it was with something of the old ring of joy in her voice that, as she rushed into her aunt's house, she cried, "I have it, aunt! oh, I have it!" and then she threw the letter into her lap, waiting impatiently beside the chair to hear it read.

Allie was a little afraid of her aunt. She was a woman who had had many troubles and sorrows in life, and these seemed to have gradually formed an outer coat of frost and ice, in which, however, was enveloped a really warm and loving heart, but one had generally to pierce very deep down before feeling the glow of heat which lay hidden underneath this frosty surface.

Allie had been living with her for the last twelve days and had hardly yet penetrated beneath it.

Indeed, she had been quite chilled, except when now and then a stray gleam shot out, making lonely little Allie long to creep near and warm herself in it.

Poor child! as she rushed in that wet afternoon, staining the freshly-washed floor with her muddy boots, and sprinkling it with large drops of rain, which poured nearly as freely from her black dress and cloak, as it did from the hardly less black clouds outside, such stay gleams of kindness could not even be guessed at, and Allie shrank far more from the cold blast which met her inside, than the tempest she had encountered at the sea-side.

It did not last long though, for each rough word hit upon a sensitive chord in Allie's little heart, and as her aunt looked at the heavy drops, which were now falling from her eyes, as well as dress, she shot out one of the rare gleams; and Allie brightened in it, and took courage to lift timidly the unopened letter, which had fallen neglected on the floor.

She had need of patience still, though; for as her aunt looked at the little morsel of a thing standing pale and trembling with cold and exhaustion beside her, she laid the letter quickly on the table and without a word more than, "Bless her heart! think of the likes of her going out such a day," she lifted the child up in her arms, carried her up-stairs, took off her wet, dripping clothes, and popped her into bed, where she heaped warm blankets upon her, and tucked them round about her cosily.

Allie certainly felt more comfortable, as she nestled down under the bed-clothes, till nothing could be seen but her bright eyes peeping out, and a mass of tangled fair hair floating across the pillow; but there was a pleading look in those bright eyes, which her aunt could not mistake, as she saw them fixed on her before leaving the room, and hurrying down-stairs she said to herself, "Well, well! I never saw the likes; she thinks of nothing but her father's letter."

Allie was at last satisfied. Her aunt came up, holding the treasure in her hand, and seating herself by the bed, tore open the envelope and drew out the closely-written pages, which Allie knew would contain so many messages of love and affection to herself. So they did. And there was money also, more than had ever come before, and as Allie heard how much it was she cried joyfully, "Oh! that must be to take us out; I'm sure it is!"

She was right; the letter was very long, describing the good work her father had out in New Zealand, and the prospect he had of getting on well; telling also the joy with which he had hoarded up his little gains, till they had amounted to the passage-money necessary to bring his wife and child to him—there were messages of hearty welcome and invitation

from her uncle and aunt too, and as Allie heard the words of happiness with which her father spoke of seeing them again, and remembered how much of that happiness must be turned to sorrow, she buried her face in the pillow and wept sadly.

Mrs. Carp felt her voice choking too, for she had loved her sister dearly, and felt deeply for the grief of the widowed man.

However, she read on to the end, all the careful and minute directions which were given of how the journey was to be performed and the passage taken, and how William Carter would be waiting longingly and anxiously on the other side to receive them when the ship came in.

"Allie" she said, as she read the last words and laid the letter down upon the bed, "that's all very well, you know, if your mother was alive; but she isn't, so I must just write to your father and tell him that he must leave you here altogether, or at least till he is able to come and fetch you himself."

Allie started up in her bed, such a dreadful alternative had never entered her head before, or any reason why, when her father sent for her, she could not go to him. She felt she would gladly go through any danger or trouble, sooner than disappoint him when he came to the ship expecting to see her: and did not her father's letter give her all the directions necessary?

"Aunt," she said quietly, "I must go to him; he wants me."

Mrs. Carp stared at her in amazement. She could not take in the idea that the child really was in earnest, and that that pale, slight little thing talked so quietly of setting off all by herself to New Zealand.

"She'd do it too, I do believe," she muttered at last to herself, as she remembered how Allie had slipped out, never minding storm and tempest, only thinking of securing the letter.

"Nonsense, child," she answered; "your father might as well look for a needle in a bundle of straw, as look for you among a whole ship-full of passengers. Why, you'd just be lost."

"The needle would be in the bundle, for all that, aunt," said Allie, nodding her head wisely, "if one only took the trouble to look for it; and I think father would take up all the straws to look for me."

Mrs. Carp did not like being contradicted, and it was with a sharp touch in her voice that she said, as she took up the money-order, "Well, you may be a needle, and as sharp as a needle if you like, but you cannot slip into any bundle of straw without

money, and not a penny will I take on myself to give you."

This seemed to be too great a trial for the little needle. She saw the icy look stealing back on her aunt's face, and knew well that the warm gleam was quite shut up, and that it would be no use pleading any longer; and as the vision rose up before her of her father's face of sorrow, when he found neither her mother nor herself in the ship when it arrived out in New Zealand, only a cruel letter accounting for their absence, she lay back on the pillow with a sickening feeling of disappointment.

If Mrs. Carp could have read Allie's feelings her heart might have been melted towards her for ever, but as she saw her lie back without a word, her eyes closed, and only the quivering round her mouth betraying her grief, she gave herself credit for settling the matter so easily, and went away down-stairs, quite ignorant of the breaking little heart she left behind her.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

255. Give the words of the prophecy which marked out Jeroboam as the founder of a rival royal house to that of David.

256. Mention the first and only sacrifice specified before the flood.

257. There is a special reason assigned why the Moabite and Ammonite should not enter into the congregation of the Lord. Give it.

258. Quote the only words of Agag, King of Amalek, that are recorded.

259. There are two passages—one in the Old Testament, the other in the New Testament—in which the words "many days" mean three years. Give them.

260. Aaron was guilty of three transgressions during his public career. Name them.

261. Among the Jews millstones were not allowed to be taken in pledge. Give the reason for this.

262. There are only three distinct references to the city of Alexandria in the New Testament. Give them.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 633.

244. Abiathar had an estate of his own at Anatoth (1 Kings ii. 26). Jeremiah, who was a priest, bought a field from his cousin (Jer. xxxii. 8, 9).

245. Lev. xxiv. 12; Numb. xv. 34.

246. 2 Kings xv. 19, 20; xxiii. 35.

247. Neh. ix. 15.

BIBLE NOTES.

THE WITHERED FIG-TREE (Matt. xxi. 17-22; Mark xi. 12-14, 20-24).



WHEN he saw a fig-tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away." The only miracle Christ performed that had not for its object physical help and healing!

As he drew near the royal city, wending his way thither from the home at Bethany, where he had spent the previous night, having retired to the quiet domestic circle which he so much loved, after his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, he was hungry—a proof of his humanity—and seeing in the distance a fig-tree, he drew near to find fruit thereon, beguiled by the appearance the tree presented, but disappointment awaited him; the tree had plenty of leaves, but no figs. St. Mark noticing the miracle remarks, "The time of figs was not yet;" but then neither was it the time for leaves, for it was now spring and not summer, at the approach of which the fig-tree puts forth leaves. With what amazement must the disciples have heard the words pronounced against the tree!

The fact of its having abundance of leaves and no fruit is what is here brought out. The fig-tree,

as is well known, sends forth fruit before leaves, and therefore when there are leaves it is reasonable to suppose that there will be fruit also. In this case it was not so. Growing on the side of the highway, it as it were invited the hungry to come and gather fruit to appease the cravings of the appetite; but when the wayfarer drew nigh, and sought for that which he expected to find, his hopes were cruelly blasted.

This whole miracle is purely symbolical. It may be looked upon as a mournful prognostic of what was about to happen to the Jews so soon. The tree is condemned, not so much because it had no fruit, as that having none, it yet had clothed itself in leaves, thus holding out a pledge that fruit would be found if sought. In this fig-tree we may see the Jewish nation standing by the wayside of God's law. Christ came to it, and found nothing but the leaves of religious profession; the traditions of men by which they made the law of God of none effect; the ostentatious display of a close adherence to the letter of the law; the worshipping of God with their lips, while their hearts were far from him; the laying of burdens on men, while they themselves bore them not; who did no work for his cause, which outwardly they professed to advance.

In Memoriam.

WE cannot send this Number to press without expressing, in these few lines, our deep regret at the death of the Rev. J. B. Owen, of Chelsea, for many years a valued contributor to these pages; and for many more the Editor's dear and venerated friend. Seldom have there been united in the one character the same vigorous intellect, shrewd sense, indefatigable industry, genial and almost childlike simplicity, as they were to be found in Joseph Butterworth Owen. Regretted by a large circle throughout the country, where he was known as the brilliant lecturer and eloquent preacher—missed by the many readers of this Magazine, to whom his writings, full of Christian teaching and earnestness, were ever welcome, he is mourned with a grief with which a stranger intermeddeth not, by those whose privilege it was to know him in private and domestic life. To the Christian Church of this country J. B. Owen has left the rich legacy of the example of a life consecrated to the service of his Master, in whom he fell asleep on May 24th, 1872.

THE EDITOR.

J. B. O.

THERE came a sudden voice from heaven that said,

"Friend, come up higher!" Death, the janitor,

*Opened at once and wide his mystic door,
And, lo! the Royal Room, with feasts bespread*

*Of sweet delights and joys unnumber'd,
And happy, happy rest for evermore.*

*We in this lower Room weep fast and sore
To lose thy kindly face, and speech that led*

*Through sunny ways of thought to lofty things,
And plumed Knowledge fresh with fairy wings
And fed Religion with a younger breath;*

*All for thy dear Lord's sake. What marvel we
To hear the cry, "The Master calleth thee?"*

And "Enter thou into My joy," He saith.